

## Fucking Felcis

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## Fucking Felcis

by [ALPHAwolf](#)

### Summary

Severus decides it's time to end things with James for good.

### Notes

Enjoy! Don't read if you don't like :p

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Severus's eyes flicked from his caldron to his open copy of 'Advanced Potion-Making', stirring with his left hand whilst vigorously taking down notes with his right. This potion was particularly tricky, especially considering they were working individually for the first time, though personally he found that to his advantage. It was so much easier to focus without James hovering over him, flirting tirelessly. Though, the Gryffindor had given him a wide berth recently, ever since his accidental confession a week prior. Severus had in turn been avoiding him just the same, trying very hard not to think about it.

Enraptured in his work and fuelled by the desire to win the reward Professor Slughorn had put before them, a single small vial of Felix Felcis, Snape continued to decrypt the recipe before him. It was all wrong, he had known from the moment the instructions had said to cut up the Sophophorous Beans, a feat which was physically impossible. He supposed though it would be rather foolish of the Ministry to literally hand teenagers a recipe to kill whomever they pleased.

Still, he was determined to succeed, tweaking the amounts of certain ingredients and altering his technique wherever he saw fit, noting it all down as he went. He'd completed enough similar potions to get a sense of how it should look and smell. If the sounds around him where any indication everyone else was fairing absolutely horribly, which made him just the slightest bit happy.

Eventually his potion turned to an eerily clear, black liquid, and a deep breath confirmed it did indeed smell like 'death' as Draught of Sleeping Death should. Not like rotting corpses as one might expect, but instead strangely... cold, like an absence of life. It sent a shiver down his spine.

Perfect, with that Felix Felicis at his disposal he would ace his NEWT's without issue.

"Time's up! Now, let's see how you've all fared." Slughorn announced right on the hour, Severus letting a rare smile slip at the chorus of complaints to follow as he shut his book and stepped away from his desk.

The Potions Master considered the first few caldrons with a disappointed expression, and not till he came to Severus's bench did his eyes light up.

"Well, this looks promising." He pulled a leaf out of his pocket and dropped it in, the two watching as it slowly burned to nothing once it touched the poison. Severus was quite certain he'd never seen the gentleman before him look so impressed.

"Wonderful! Wonderful, near perfect I dare say. Why, you could kill a dragon with this!" He moved on to take in all the other potions, not losing his delighted smile even as he shook his head at their terrible attempts, making an exasperated sound at Black's, which appeared to have eaten it's way straight through the caldron, table, and floor.

"Well, there appears to be no question. Mr Snape, congratulations, you're the first student I've ever had to successfully complete such a difficult potion!" He praised, holding the small vial of liquid luck out for the Slytherin teen to take. Severus nodded awkwardly in thanks as he did so, never quite sure how to respond to praise, and walked hurriedly back to his table to tidy up. It was in doing so he accidentally caught Potter's gaze, and immediately turned away.

The Chaser was staring at him intensely, like whenever he managed to expose some of Severus's skin, right before he started mauling it like the suction cups on the lake's squid. Severus was quite certain with a look like that the other would straight up jump him given the chance. The noirette swallowed at the thought, suddenly feeling strangely aroused despite his determination not to give the other that chance. He wouldn't let himself give in. Not to Potter. He had to stay strong no

matter how obvious the other made his desires. There was no way he'd fall for that... again.

Wiping such thoughts from his mind lest his pants become uncomfortably tight the thin wizard quickly cleaned up his station with a flick of his wand and hurriedly left for his next class, James's eye boring holes into him the entire time.

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A lumos charm glowed from the tip of Snape's wand, illuminating the inside of his closed bed curtains. Several wizarding history books and an ink pot floated about him as he took notes down on the pad of parchment in his lap, preparing an essay plan for his next assignment.

Try as he might to stay on task he found his mind often wander, having to reread passages and completely forgetting his train of thought on more than one occasion. James's words just wouldn't stop repeating over in his mind. His *confession*.

It had to have been a joke, or a gross exaggeration at the very least. There was no way he could actually... well...

Severus shook his head once again in an attempt to clear his mind. He'd been over it hundreds of times, there was no need for it. Potter had simply misspoken. It was all just one big mistake, he was sure they'd both forget about it in a few days and go back to fooling around with absolutely no feelings involved whatsoever, just like before. After all, there was no way he could ever return such feelings! Certainly not to Potter, who had traumatised him more times than he'd care to admit.

No, this was just another one of the Gryffindor's pranks. If Potter really had feelings for him, or even developed them in the future- the very thought made him feel extremely uneasy- he... well he wasn't sure what he'd do. After all, James could be rather... forceful. If he didn't give in would the other just make him?

Severus bit his lip nervously. It was no secret James wanted to 'go all the way' with him, or rather in him, though he was still uncertain if he himself wanted to lose his virginity to the jerk who had made his formative school life a living hell. It would be imprudent to say the least! Yet it seemed the only logical course of action given their previous encounters. They'd already gotten

dangerously close, on more than one occasion. The only way to avoid it seemed to be halting their 'relationship', immediately and indefinitely. The only question was how.

He had no doubt it wouldn't be long till Potter recovered the confidence to try get in his pants again, and once that beast got his lips and hands on him Severus became a fool for pleasure. Speaking to him in person therefore was out of the question, and he certainly didn't have the confidence to ask anyone to relay a message for him, so a letter would have to do.

Placing his notes aside for the morrow he dipped his quill and stared down at the fresh page of parchment, ready to write.

*Dear James-* no no, too informal- *Dear Potter?* It still seemed too... affectionate. *Potter-* ugh no now he just sounded rude, though that was probably the better alternative.

He must have sat there a solid ten minutes trying to figure out what to write next, with no avail.

It should not have been so difficult! He was just writing a bloody letter for Merlin's sake! It wasn't like he was dumping him or anything, since they weren't technically dating.

Severus made an exasperated groan and scrunched up another page, tossing it aside.

At this rate he'd need a miracle to get his thoughts out on the page in a way that wouldn't get the hell beaten out of him. Snape sighed and let his quill fall from his hand, joining the ink pot floating about him. The books had tucked themselves neatly away in the shelf above his bedhead, the noirette staring up at the glowing vials stored up on it as he thought.

His hand strayed to his pocket, fingering the small bottle he'd left in there. Felix Felicis. He'd kept it close just in case one of his dorm-mates had larceny on their mind. Plucking it out he looked closely at the clear liquid, considering its usefulness in his current predicament.

No, he shouldn't waste it on such a menial thing. Quickly he tucked it back away and retook his quill, trying to force the words onto the page.

Near half an hour later and he was at breaking point, frustrated and without even a concise note to give Potter. He was desperate, and the promise of success without stress was just too tempting. If he could end things with Potter, swiftly and easily with no repercussions, his life would be ten

times better off!

Giving in he took the vial from his pocket and hurriedly uncorked it, downing the surprisingly sweet liquid in a single shot. Immediately his worries seemed to melt away, and he could relax back against the pillows of his bed.

He felt absolutely blissful, staring dreamily up at the roof. If only he could see the moon from down there in the dungeon. He'd bet it was a beautiful night, alas the Slytherin common room was below ground, with no windows. The astronomy tower was the best place to see the sky at night... *Oh!* He could go there right now!

Mind made and letter forgotten Severus put out his lumos charm and stepped out of bed, wandering barefoot towards the tower.

Everyone was busy preparing for bed, curfew almost upon them. None took notice of him as he disappeared out of the dungeons and up into Hogwarts's halls.

The floor was nice and cool on feet, the wall too as he ran his fingers along it. It was strangely pleasant, the texture beneath his fingers- *oh!* And he was walking on carpet now, taking a moment to wiggle his toes and savour the sensation before giving a little sigh.

He was staring dreamily up at a beautiful lamp, musing how it was no wonder moths were so hypnotised by them, when he rounded a corner and clipped shoulders with another student, the Gryffindor stopping in his tracks to apologise. Remus stopped as he realised who it was, staring flabbergasted a moment at the Slytherin's strange expression.

"Hello!" The noirette greeted, smiling happily at the other. Remus looked beyond confused at his derpy grin, which seemed off on his usually sullen face.

"Oh, um, hello Snape." The two stood there a moment as Lupin gathered himself. "I'm just... off to meet the guys."

"Have fun- oh!" Severus froze in he tracks before he walked off, briefly recalling his initial goal. "Could you tell James something for me?"

"Uh, sure."

“Just tell him it’s over. Thanks!” With that he began to walk off, humming wistfully as he went.

“I-is that it?!” Remus called after him, horrified he had to be the one to give James the news.

“Yep! Bye!”

“W-wait! Where are you going!?”

“The astronomy tower!” It took Lupin a moment to realise his mouth was hanging open, shut it, and rush back into motion. Severus took no notice, too busy fantasising about how the sky would look once he arrived at his destination. He hoped it was a nice clear night, so he could count the stars.

On he went, up and up the stairs, more stairs than he could keep record of. Luckily the castle seemed in his favour as the staircases lead exactly where he wanted to go.

The tower was the highest point in Hogwarts, with open walls and only a flimsy rail to prevent people from falling. Honestly he was surprised no one had. Despite the fully open architecture it wasn’t too cold a night, the wind still, and the sky impossibly clear.

The moon was a brightly glowing crescent high above, and he couldn’t help become lost in the sky, leaning against the railing and sighing blissfully as he gazed up to the heavens. It was so beautiful. If only he could bottle it all up and keep it on his bedside.

Severus mumbled the constellations he knew to himself and traced them with his finger, only broken from his trance when he noted the sound of hurried footsteps almost upon him, running up the stairs to his right. Curious, he turned to see as a familiar face appear, running at full speed up the stairwell into the tower. He only stopped once he saw Snape, hunched over clenching the rail tightly for support as he fought for breath.

“The hell do you mean *it’s over*?!” He barely managed to make the sentence with his lack of air, his glasses terribly askew and hair even more of a disaster than usual. It was strangely... comical. In fact Snape couldn’t help the little giggle that escaped him at the sight.

He wasn't quite sure why, but before he knew it he was making his way over to the other's side, cupping his adorably confused, flushed face in his hands, and pressing a soft kiss to his lips. James's eyes flew wide, staring at the other in shock before he melted into the kiss, wrapping his arms around the other and turning an innocent lip-lock into a full-blown snog. Severus giggled again, actually *giggled*, and slowly pulled away, smiling at the breathless befuddled Gryffindor fondly.

He gently corrected the brunette's spectacles for him and took one of his hands, stepping out of his hold and leading him over to the balcony where he had been standing before. James followed like a loyal dog, lacing their fingers together as if frightened the other might slip out of his grip and disappear.

Severus sighed and leaned up against the railing, staring up at the moon with blown pupils. James's face contorted, very confused and still mildly turned on from the unexpected kiss.

Were they broken up? Had that just been a ruse to get him up here? Merlin he hoped so, but Remus was right, Severus was acting super weird. He never initiated anything, or smiled, or *giggled*. something was way off.

"Is... everything... ok?" Snape just smiled sweetly and nodded, unsettling the other even further when the noirette tucked himself under his arm, resting his head on his shoulder with a blissed-out sigh. "Did you take something?" Had someone drugged him? Had Sirius slipped the Slytherin a love potion at dinner as an early birthday gift?

"Felix Felcis." The teen replied easily, James staring at him with surprise.

"You took it already?" He simply nodded, happily nuzzled against him. "Why?"

"To make it easier to end things with you." Now the brunette was even more confused than when he had arrived.

"You wanna break up?"

"Oh, are we dating?"

"Well, yeah." They did meet up to make out and hump at least twice a week, personally he counted

those as dates.

“Huh, you do learn something new everyday.” The teen said wistfully to himself. He looked thoughtfully out at the sky, and then to James. His lips shifted into a smile and he leaned in closer, luring James into another kiss.

A shocked sound slipped from the brunette as his tongue was unexpectedly sucked from his mouth, Severus’s arms wrapping around the back of his neck as he stole his every breath.

When they finally parted they were both panting, James’s glasses lopsided once more.

“So... it’s not over?” He asked hopefully, watching as Severus hummed in thought, rubbing his hands up and down the Chaser’s chest.

“I’ll think about it.” They both dove in for another, and James was so good at exploring his mouth Severus couldn’t help think about what a shame it would be to give the other up. Especially considering how turned on he currently was.

“Hey,” Snape pulled away from the kiss, still pressing his body hard against the lust-intoxicated Gryffindor, “I think I want to give you something~”

“What?” James asked breathlessness as the noirette bit his lip and looked up at him, pushing his hardened length against the brunette’s own.

“My virginity~” The Chaser’s mouth hung open like a venus mantrap, “and if you do a really good job, I’ll consider not dumping you.”

Within a moment James had grabbed him by the arse with both hands hard and brought their lower bodies impossibly close, shoving his tongue back down his throat.

The pressure was on, but then he always had liked a challenge, Severus being his favourite. Said challenge was currently clawing sexily at the back of his robes and devouring his lips right back.

James tugged at his bottom lip, groping the skinny Slytherin all over. They kissed so hard Severus



was slammed back against the wall, the two sliding to the floor as their bodies became a mess of grabbing limbs. He shoved the Dark Arts enthusiast down against the floor just shy of roughly, biting and mouthing down his neck as he tore the front of his robes open. Severus gasped and tugged impatiently at the other's clothes in return.

James hurriedly helped the other get his arms out of his robe and shirt before pushing him back down to his back, sitting on the teen's bony hips to keep him down as he yanked his own off. Severus watched through half shut eyes as he panted, the slightest hint of an excited smile on his swollen, wet lips.

He couldn't get the oily git naked fast enough, running his hands over his exposed, deathly pale skin with the look of a starved beast eyeing its prey. He longed to see every piece of the other bare once again, vulnerable to his intense gaze.

Severus lifted his hips encouragingly as the Chaser slipped between his open thighs, making it easier for the other to tear his pants down his legs.

There was nothing attractive about what laid between a man's legs, James knew that well enough from the sight of his own, but then he wasn't too fond of the look of a woman's genitals either. What he sought however was far worth the sight, that sweet pink pucker he could just lick it was so alluring. In fact he found it an unfair level of desirable, especially considering it's primary purpose. Still, Snape's asshole was definitely more enticing than others. For one it was hairless, as the Slytherin was rather useless at growing hair anywhere other than his head. He had a bit here and there, but it was sparse to say the least. He didn't even need to shave more than once in a blue moon. Though it was the perfect kind of thing he had once teased the other over, lack of testosterone and all that, someone it made him appear... all the more tempting, and clean, which certainly wasn't something he often associated the other with.

James licked his lips as he undid his own pants, staring down at the lewd teen beneath him as he finally freed his length. Severus's eyes had already been on the large tent in his sleeping trousers, now chewing his lip as he watched the other kneel with his erection in his hand.

Potter shifted closer till their bodies met, both letting out delighted sighs at the physical contact. In a second the Chaser was humping him like an animal, looming over him so close it looked like his glasses would fall off. Severus tossed them aside, wrapping his arms around the other and gripping him tight.

James grunted as the noirette's nails dug into his skin.

“You want it hard baby?” The brunette whispered in a way he hoped sounded seductive. If Severus’s prolonged moan that followed was anything to go by he certainly approved.

“Merlin yes~” James grinned down at his sexy little masochist, sinking lower to bite down along his collar and create more sucked bruises. While he did so he searched around with his hand blindly for his wand, which thankfully appeared to have fallen from his robe pocket close enough for him to reach.

Remus had taught him a spell for just such an occasion, the Chaser pushing just the tip of his wand inside the other. Severus gasped at the unexpected sensation as he did, confused and strangely turned on.

“*Inlubrico.*” Immediately the teen made another surprised sound, the inside of his ass suddenly feeling very *wet*.

James abandoned his wand and quickly put his fingers to better use, shoving two digits straight inside the other. It wasn’t the first time he’d fingered him, since the other not-so-secretly enjoyed it so much, but the Slytherin still surprised him with his tightness every time. He’d never not had him dry though, and he found the other’s opening far more accepting with the oil in play.

He was roughly stretching him as quickly as possibly, impatient to finally get inside his love. Severus was going crazy for it, his spine curved as his mouth hung open, moaning without restraint and rocking back into the Chaser’s fingers.

James held the other still by a hand pinning his hip to the floor, ducking down to lick and suck at his desired mate’s nipples as he had often fantasised about doing to a woman’s breasts. They may not have been big and squishy, but he could bite at them as much as he wanted and the other’s eyes would roll back in bliss. He also didn’t need to concern himself with contraceptive spells thank Merlin, as he knew none. Hogwarts didn’t exactly teach any kind of sexual education, and his parents weren’t too keen to teach him what they didn’t want him to use.

Without a worry for accidentally impregnating the other he was free to hurriedly shove another finger inside and fantasise about pumping the noirette full of his seed, imagining if it took root and he finally got the Slytherin’s stomach to curve out rather than in.

With that thought he could wait no longer, yanking his fingers out and blindly lining himself up. Severus braced himself as the other pushed in, covering his mouth to avoid being heard crying out as the other’s cock forced its way into his insufficiently sized arse.

James grunted and gripped the other's hips tight, his eyes clenched shut as he tried desperately not to show the other just how damn *good* it felt to penetrate him bit by bit.

He couldn't help letting his mouth fall open as he made the last inch, looking down at the other's pained expression and wet eyes. He looked so *beautiful*, pale skin glowing in the moonlight.

Before he could help himself he was rutting the other hard as he could, holding his thighs so tight they'd probably have hand marks once they were through.

He could easily admit being inside the other was the absolute best sensation he'd ever felt. Even better than the time he'd gotten a reluctant Severus to give him head, and he'd been quite certain nothing could feel better than the Slytherin's tongue on his cock.

They rutted crazier than their deer in DADA, Severus moaning and gripping the back of his shoulders so hard his nails left crescent in James's skin. The noirette had his mouth wide open and his head back, gladly giving in to the pleasures of the flesh like his lover had never seen before. He didn't stifle a single sound, throwing all prudence to the wind in lieu of putting on the sexiest show James had ever imagined.

His chest was heaving, his marred neck taunt, lips parted widely and eyelids low. He looked like every fantasy James had ever had of him, ruined and loving it.

The brunette dove in for a kiss as he felt himself near his limit, the two meeting in more of a wet mess of tongue and teeth as their bodies convulsed.

James's eyes rolled to the back of his head as he came inside the other, both their bodies shaking uncontrollably as though electricity were coursing through their veins. Severus became impossibly tight, squeezing every last splutter out of him as the noirette gave a long, pleased cry.

When it ended they were both limp and gasping, the Slytherin's breath heavy against his neck. James could hardly move in his afterglow, vaguely deciding he didn't want to pull out, *ever*, and instead staying buried within the other. Somehow, they managed to find a comfortable position where he didn't have to do so a few minutes later when they could finally move again. In doing so James became the one on his back, with Severus's much lighter body laying over him.

"Do you think this counts as al fresco sex?" The noirette asked tiredly after another five minutes of

silence. James couldn't help his breathy laughter at the strange question which he certainly had not expected to be the other's first words after that mind-blowing experience. "I'm serious, I really can't tell."

"Well I hope you're not Sirius, or I'd have a lot of explaining to do with my boyfriend." James waited for the other to make the usual unimpressed puff of air he always made at his jokes, but instead the other turned to look up at him, still resting his head against his chest.

"I'm your boyfriend?" He asked, looking surprised.

"Well duh." Man, for a smart guy Sev could be pretty damn slow sometimes.

"So... you're not fooling around with anyone else?"

"What? No! Why would you think that?"

"Well, it's not like we ever talked about being exclusive, and everyone knows there's a lot of noise that comes from your dorm like every night, and it's not from me." Snape replied, playing with the few growing hairs on his lover's chest.

"That's just Remus and Sirius. They're a pair of horny dogs sometimes." Horny dogs that really need to remember that silencing charms are a thing they need to use.

Severus smiled, looking rather glad he was the Chaser's only. James looked like he was going cross eyes trying to get him in focus, so he chuckled and reached for the other's spectacles, sliding them back on his face.

"Thanks." They smiled at one another and kissed, softly this time, before Severus nuzzled back against his chest and sighed happily.

A soft breeze made James pull their robes over them both, before laying relaxed with his hand in the other's hair. It was always so greasy, and yet somehow smelt great.

"Why's your hair always so oily?" The Chaser mumbled, a little grossed out but unwilling to stop

combing his fingers through the oily tresses.

“Coconut oil. It’s the best way to reverse the damage done by all the brewing I do.”

“Oh.” Suddenly it was nowhere near as gross as before, and he was more than happy to start massaging the other’s scalp. The teen atop him sighed blissfully and nuzzled against him, James almost unable to believe the Slytherin was finally *all his*. He wasn’t even complaining about the fact he’d spilled inside him.

“I thought you’d never talk to me again.” The brunette admitted.

“Why not?” He sounded honestly curious.

“After... what I said. You seemed really freaked out.” Severus smiles gently.

“Don’t worry about it, we can pretend it never happened.”

“Thanks.” It wasn’t exactly what he desired, but then he seldom got what he wanted with Severus. What he wanted was for the other to be as unhealthily obsessed and possessive over him as he was, but forgetting was a compromise he was willing to make. However, he certainly didn’t want to pull out any time soon, or let the other free from his arms, or allow him to put clothes on, or waste a second of the liquid fucks wonderful cuddly effect it was having on the Slytherin. His only worry was the caretaker discovering them or freezing their asses off when the temperature inevitably plummeted. So once again, he had to make a compromise.

“You wanna come to my room for the rest of the night? The guys won’t mind if we’re just sleeping.” Severus smiled up at him, running his hand lazily up and down his chest.

“Would they mind if we did something other than sleep?” He asked seductively, looking up at him through his long eyelashes.

“Who fucking cares.” And with that they were snogging each other stupid once again, rolling around like animals in heat.

## End Notes

Hope you liked! Remember to Kudos! :)

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